backward when thou commeſt to age, wilt thou not Jule? *it ſtinted and ſaid I.*

Juli. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee Nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. *Peace, I have done: God marke thee to his grace, thou waſt the prettieſt babe that ere I nurſt, and I might live to ſee thee married once, I have my wiſh.*

Old La. Mary that marry is the very Theame
I came to talke of: tell me daughter *Juliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſitions to be married?

Juli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurſe. *An houre! were not I onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt thy wiſdome from thy teat.*

Old La. Well, thinke of Marriage now, younger than you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteeme,
Are made already mothers by my count:
I was your mother much upon theſe yeares
That you are now a maide: thus then in briefe,
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his love.

Nurſe. *A man young Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world, Why hee's a man of waxe.*

Old La. Verona's Summer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. *Nay hee's a flower, in faith a very flower:*

Old La. What ſay you? can you love the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt,
Read o're the volume of young *Paris* face,
And finde delight writ there with beauties pen,
Examine every ſeverall lineament,
And ſee how one another lends content:
And what obſcur'd in this faire Volume lyes,
Finde written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious booke of love, this unbound lover,
To beautifie him onely lackes a Cover.
The fiſh lives in the ſea, and 'tis much pride,
For faire without the faire within to hide:
That booke in many eyes doth ſhare the glory,
That in gold claſpes lockes in the golden ſtory:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,

By

By having him, making your ſelfe no leſſe.

Nurſe. No leſſe, nay bigger women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* love?

Juli. I'le looke to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it flye. *Enter ſerving.*

Serving. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſerv'd up, you calld, my young Lady askt for, the Nurſe curſt in the Pantry, and every thing in extremity: I muſt hence to wait, I beſeech you follow ſtrait.

Mo. We follow thee: *Juliet* the Countie ſtayes.

Nurſe. Goe girle, ſeeke happy nights to happy dayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or ſixe other Maskers, Torch-bearers.*

Rom. What? ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without Apology?

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixity,
We'll have no *Cupid* hood-winkt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of Lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them meaſure us by what they will,
We'll meaſure them a meaſure and be gone.

Rom. Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling,
Being but heavie I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we muſt have you dance.

Rom. Not I believe me, you have dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles; I have a ſoule of lead
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a Lover, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And ſore with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſoare with his light feathers; and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe,
Under loves heavie burthen doe I ſinke.

Mer. And to ſinke in it ſhould you burthen love,
Too gteat oppreſſion for a tender thing.

Romeo,